

WIMBLEDON PLAY DESCRIBED BY M. L. LENGLEN

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

No. 6,132.

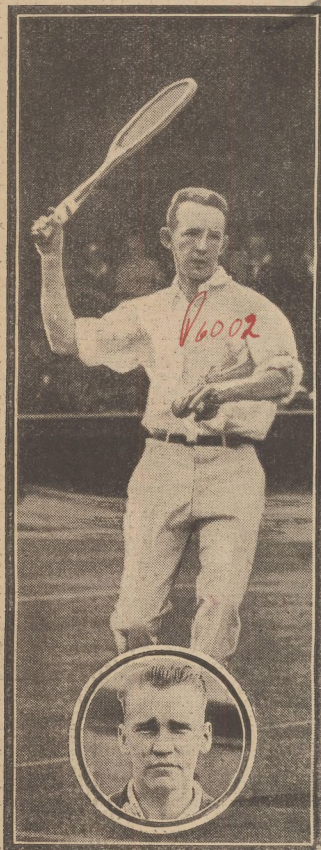
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SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1923

One Penny.

U.S. RIVALS ENCOUNTER

CRASH IN THE AIR



W. M. Johnston, who defeated Vincent Richards (portrait inset) yesterday.



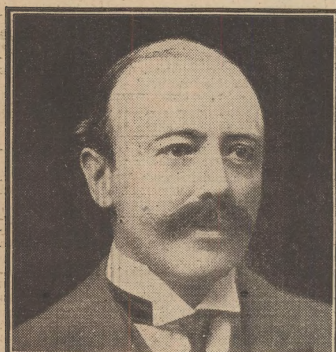
Miss McKane, victorious over Miss Rodo Nachi.



Miss Ryan, who defeated Mrs. Craddock.

Yesterday at Wimbledon interest centred in the meeting of the two crack American players, W. M. Johnston and Vincent Richards, the "boy wonder." Richards had been showing splendid form, but Johnston proved too strong for him, winning with 6-4, 6-3, 7-5.

COLONEL GIBBS, M.P., BECOMES PRIVY COUNCILLOR



Colonel George A. Gibbs, M.P. for Bristol (West) since 1906, who has been appointed a Privy Councillor, and, on the right, his wife and daughter. Mrs. Gibbs is the elder daughter of Viscount Long of Wraxall. The new P.C. is fifty years of age.



A remarkable photograph of a collision in the air during pageant practice at Northolt. The two machines came into contact when flying at a comparatively low height, were locked together and are here seen falling to the ground. A detached portion of one of the damaged aeroplanes will be seen on the right. Fortunately no fatalities resulted from this extraordinary accident.

TO EGYPT BY AIR IN 31 HOURS.

Major Scott on Wonders of Coming Travel.

24,000 MILE TRIPS.

50 Ton Express Airships to Carry 200 Passengers.

Airships which would carry 200 passengers, freight and mails a distance of 2,500 miles without stopping and attain a speed of 80 miles an hour, were described by Major Scott, the famous airman who crossed the Atlantic in R.34, to the Air Congress in London yesterday.

Teamships, he said, had nearly reached their economic limit, but the airship could reduce the time taken at sea by 86 per cent. An airship of 150 tons could remain in the air for twenty-five days and travel a distance of 24,000 miles at forty miles an hour.

Mr. A. H. Sams, of the Indian Post Office, looked forward to a daily airship service between England and India.

25 DAYS IN THE AIR.

Where Airships Beat Liners in Staying Power.—Egypt to Bombay.

It would appear reasonable to assume that steamship has nearly reached its economic limit," said Major Scott.

For any considerable reduction in time or usage it is necessary to look to some other form of transport. For long distance overseas the only quicker form is the airship. Operating with a 5,000,000 cubic feet capacity airship—a ship with an air displacement of tons—we would have a speed of eighty miles an hour, and the ship could carry 200 passengers and eleven tons of mails and freight on a stop flight of 2,500 miles—England to Egypt—Egypt to Bombay.

Dividing the journey up into stages of this length, the times of transit, compared with the present-day steamship, would show an average saving of 86 per cent.

It was necessary to ask for Government assistance, because during the time it was gaining the confidence of the public the volume of the would not be sufficient to make a service self-supporting.

SAVING TO THE STATE.

An airship of 150 tons air displacement, carrying no cargo, would have a range of 11,500 miles, a speed of eighty miles per hour.

This distance was greater than that which a steamship could cover without refuelling. An airship at twenty miles per hour. At forty miles an hour the airship would have a range of 300 miles and would be in the air for 600 hours, or twenty-five days.

For patrol duties the airship would have a faster endurance than that of the light cruiser, in addition to the advantage to the State that it would accrue from the improved Empire communication and mail saving in State expenditure might reasonably be expected in the future.

Commander Cave-Browne-Cave declared that if passengers travelled by airship and were going a long distance, on alighting they could go by aeroplane from the base, and if distance were small they would go by car.

SPANISH SPORT GIRLS?

Article by Mlle. Lenglen in Tomorrow's "Sunday Pictorial."

Many attractive features will appear in tomorrow's issue of the *Sunday Pictorial*. Under the title, "The Spanish Girl," the Lovat Fraser has written an article which is certain to arouse widespread interest.

There is also an attractive article by Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen: "Is Sport Making Girls Spanish?" and another by Stan Desmond on "Why America Wants Dry Ships."

In addition the latest news and exclusive features of all the most interesting week-end openings are published weekly in the *Sunday Pictorial*.

ETNA STILL ACTIVE.

Thick Clouds of Vapour and Ashes from the Central Crater.

MESSINA, Friday. The Etna eruption is not abating. This was said to-day by Professor Arcidiciacs, of the Royal Naval Institute, who, together with Messrs. Ricci, of Messina University, has been visiting the eruption district. He explained that volcanic action near Linguarossa was still intense. Vast white clouds of ash were arising from the central crater, and a thick layer of ash was being blown towards the centre of the disturbance was caused by the difficulty of breathing. In the neighbourhood of Santa Monerossa and other eruptive phenomena are continuing. There are frequent rumblings and wonderful light effects. The lava is still moving.—Reuter.

MYSTERY MESSAGES.

Story of Brixton Prison Plan in Trial of Deportees.

ONE MAN DISCHARGED.

Details of a plan of Brixton Prison found on Michael Galvin were given at the Old Bailey yesterday, when the trial of the Irish deportees for seditious conspiracy was continued before Mr. Justice Swift.

The defendants were Art O'Brien, Sean O'Mahoney, Sean MacGrath, Michael Galvin, Anthony Mularkey, Thomas George Flynn, Patrick Fleming and Denis Fleming.

Inspector Fitch said one of the documents found on Galvin was a plan of Brixton Prison marked with a cross "where the governor stands daily from ten to eleven for applications."

There was a drawing of a warder's hat described as "soft with hard brim." Another sketch was of the prison van with an accompanying description of the route taken by it.

Sergeant Wilson, of South Shields, said that he arrested Flynn at his house in Lawson-street, South Shields, on March 10. A witness found in Flynn's room a report book "No. 3 Area," signed by Flynn as "Acting Battalion-Quartermaster." This contained entries relating to the purchase and dispatch of arms and ammunition and the following: "Received from Miss Brannan, £100, from Bails M.P.—O.C., Britain."

Mr. Travers Humphreys read the following passage from Flynn's diary for 1923, "Received a letter from a friend and also one from an enemy, or should say a fool. He writes under the nom de plume of 'K.K.K.' and left me to pay threepence postage."

Patrick Fleming was found not guilty and discharged because there was no evidence against him.

CHARGE AGAINST DUKE.

Director of Car Firm Says He Did Not Know About Bankruptcy.

The hearing was resumed yesterday at the Old Bailey of the charge against Edward Fitzgerald, Duke of Leinster, James Fraser, his private secretary, and Thomas Henry Webb, contractor of obtaining a motor-car from Straker Squire, Ltd., by false pretences, and conspiracy to obtain credit.

Evidence was given by Mr. James Beeby, managing director of Straker Squire, Ltd., that they never gave their agents authority to give credit without referring the matter to them.

He knew nothing at all about the financial position of the Duke and he did not make inquiries about it. He did not know that the Duke was an undischarged bankrupt.

STAGE MORALS.

Wee Georgie Wood's Statement Calls Forth Storm of Protest.

Wee Georgie Wood's statement that "the immorality on the stage is appalling" has called forth in London some dignified and caustic protests.

Mr. George Robey declared in an interview yesterday: "I won't say I was horrified, or that I was surprised at the remarks of Wee Georgie Wood. If I think, however, he put it rather un diplomatically."

"There is a lot to be said both for and against his statements."

Sir Oswald Stoll said: "It seems incredible that thousands of artists should have found a 'father confessor' in Wee Georgie Wood."

Mr. Albert Joyce, Chairman of the Variety Artists' Federation, commented: "The Variety Artists' Federation were simply amazed to read the preposterous and defamatory remarks alleged to have been made by Wee Georgie Wood in regard to the moral character of the women engaged on the music-hall stage."

EARL'S HEIR HURT.

Serious Eye Injury to Lord Wodehouse at Polo Match.

Lord Wodehouse, it was reported yesterday, sustained a severe injury to his eye at the end of the polo match at Hurlingham on Thursday, when he was playing for the Freebooters in the semi-final for the Champion Cup.

The condition of the eye to-day remains extremely acute.

Lord Wodehouse is the eldest son of the Earl of Kimberley and was formerly Liberal M.P. for Mid-Norfolk.

NEW LABOUR CHAIRMAN.

At a meeting of the Executive of the Labour Party, following the National Conference yesterday, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, leader of the Parliamentary Opposition, was elected chairman of the Executive for the ensuing year, and Mr. C. T. Cramp, of the N.U.R., vice-chairman.

BOMB INVENTOR DEAD.

Mr. Thomas Cooper, who died at King's Lynn on Thursday night, was the inventor of the Cooper aerial bomb, the favorite bomb of the Royal Air Force during the war.

WIFE WHO REPENTED

"Jumped Into Marriage" When Advised to Wait.

DECREE FOR HUSBAND.

A sad story of a young wife who left her husband on the honeymoon was told in the Matrimonial Court in Dublin yesterday, when Francis Jervois, of Ranelagh, Dublin, was granted a decree of nullity of his marriage with Annie Kathleen Elizabeth Jervois (nee Bryan).

They were married in Dublin in 1921 after a few years' courtship, both being twenty-two years of age. There was no marital relationship, and finally she left him. He implored her to return, but she refused.

She was at present living in England, had written:

"Frank My Husband—I am miserable. I have tried to believe I am not, but it is no use. I thought I would learn to make myself your wife, but I was wrong. We will never pull together. I know that we have got temperaments which clash."

The blame is all mine. I was not born as other girls, and cannot change myself any more than you can change yourself.

I have taken others' advice and waited to know both ourselves better before jumping into marriage as we have done.

It is said the name of the father are visited on the children, and I believe it, for my burden is a very heavy one—so heavy that I pray God my life may be long, when I can give up making others suffer as I have up to this.

The letter, signed "Brokenhearted Kathleen," concluded:—"Please let me go away to America with Tony (her brother). I should never have married you as I told you from the beginning, as I did not love you enough."

SWIMMER'S FATAL DIVE.

Death from Concussion Through Head Striking Bottom of Bath.

It was stated at a Shoreditch inquest on a clerk named Leonard Smith, who was found dead in a public bath, that he was missed, and on being searched for was found at the bottom of the bath in six feet of water.

He must have dived and struck the bottom, his head and face being bruised. Death was actually due to concussion. A verdict of Accidental death was returned.

CONVICT DIVORCED.

Woman Co-respondent Supports Wife's Petition—"Took My Savings."

At Nottingham Assizes yesterday Joseph Huntley, of Derby, now undergoing eighteen months' imprisonment for fraud, for which he was sentenced at Worcester, appeared as respondent in a divorce case.

His wife alleged cruelty and misconduct with a Miss Griffin, who herself gave evidence in support of the petition.

She said she stayed at a Worcester hotel with respondent, who represented that he was divorced for taking all her savings.

A decree nisi was granted, the wife being given custody of the child of the marriage.

MARRIAGE BY ORDER.

Comedy of Three Couples Forced by American Rules to Wed.

A passenger on board a Norwegian liner during one of its recent voyages to New York told of a tragic incident of which he was the object, says Reuter.

The American immigration laws are abnormally strict, he says, and include a clause which forbids emigrants of the opposite sex to visit each other in their cabin during the voyage without the permission of the captain.

On this particular voyage three couples, who had struck up a friendship on board, broke the rule and were discovered in the cabin of one of them indulging in a harmless flirtation.

The result of the discovery was that the six culprits had to be married before the authorities would allow them ashore at New York. The ceremony took place in the second class dining-saloon, to the great excitement and amusement of the whole of the passengers and ship's company.

RUSH OF VICTIMS.

Police Station Invaded by People Who Have Been Robbed.

There has been a quick response on the part of people who have recently had property stolen to the invitation of Scotland Yard to inspect the remarkable array of stolen goods captured in the police haul at Brixton.

The police station was swarmed all yesterday by people from all over London who have been victims of burglars, and many of the articles were identified.

The value of the property captured at Holland Grove is now estimated to be worth £1,500.

ROMANCE OF £100,000 GIFT.

Mr. Alexander Grant, revealed by Mr. Baldwin in the Commons as donor of £100,000 to endow the Scottish National Library, was at one time an apprentice baker in Forres, Morayshire, and eventually became head of McVitie and Price.

SERVANT FAMINE CAUSED BY DOLE?

"Middle Classes Are Bled to Death."

GIRLS WHO LOAF.

Greatest Scarcity That of Cook-Generals.

"There is no scarcity of girls willing to take up domestic service. There is a scarcity of experienced cook-generals," said Miss Eleanor Stewart, organiser of the Workers' Union, at the inquiry into Domestic Service at the Ministry of Labour. Mrs. E. M. Wood presided.

Lady Emmott said she objected to the caricaturing of "slaves" on the stage. "It is always been a puzzle to me," she said, "why domestic servants do not have a vote."

Miss Stewart said home-craft should be a part of a woman's education. Girls entering domestic service should have two years' training with maintenance.

Bedrooms for servants, she said, were, in many cases, not at all suitable.

"GIVE MAIDS A VOTE."

Lady Emmott's Suggestion for Raising Status of Domestic.

Miss Stewart said there were plenty of girls who were willing to try domestic service, but employers wanted girls who had had some experience of the work.

Her contention was that home-craft should be a part of a girl's education and that the school age for girls should be raised to sixteen years.

Miss Stewart said that many employers were very willing to try to run a house on stipulated hours. The Committee of Women's Training and Employment in Glasgow, of which she was a member, considered various proposals in this connection.

One scheme was for two hours off each afternoon, but this was not very popular. On the other hand, it was not every mistress who would agree to a definite hour for stopping work at night.

Bedrooms for servants, she said, in many cases were not at all suitable. She instanced one case in Glasgow where the servant's bedroom was in the basement and had to have gas alight all day, the only window looking out on the coals.

Lady Emmott, chairman of the Women's Advisory Committee on Domestic Service Problems set up by the Ministry of Reconstruction in December, 1918, said: "I think that to improve the status of the domestic servant you undoubtedly want it to be recognised that training is necessary for the work."

"It has always been a puzzle to me," she added, "why arrangements have not been made to give domestic servants a vote."

"NOT THE BRITISH WAY."

Miss Dorothy Hedges said that the dole should not be given to girls who declined to enter domestic service.

"If there were no dole they would have to settle down. What did they do before the dole?"

Mrs. Cohen: It does not seem to me to be the British way of dealing with the problem.

Miss Hedges: I am a Britisher, but as a middle-class woman I am bled from all sources. I have no sympathy with the girls who are out of work. They have too much help given to them.

Mrs. Cohen: These are the girls who saved the country in the war.

Miss Hedges: I don't think so. The girl of to-day who is loafing around has done very little to help her country.

Miss Julia Varley protested against the witnesses' unfounded accusations against thousands of women in this country.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Light winds, fine; morning mists in places; rather warm.

The Queen and Princess Mary visited the St. Dunstan's shop in Regent-street yesterday and made several purchases.

Workhouse Tragedy.—James Hotchin, sixty-six, formerly a butler, was found dead at Goole Workhouse hanging by a handkerchief from a hook.

Holiday Tragedy.—Archibald Carson, seventeen, of Moseley Hill, Liverpool, on holiday at Carnarvon, was drowned in the presence of his mother.

A Surprise Packet.—On opening a packet left at the Manse, the Congregational minister at Tetbury, Gloucestershire, found a £50 gift from 200 people in the town.

Open Door Clue.—Seeing the dog of the Duke of Bedford put-house, Somers Town, open, a policeman entered and found Mr. Hunt, the licensee, lying dead and his wife unconscious.

SECOND TREVESSA BOAT SAFE WITH 16 SURVIVORS

Dramatic Arrival at Mauritius Port After 2,100 Miles Voyage in 25 Days.

NAVIGATED TO SAFETY BY SUN AND STARS

Eight Men Now Believed Missing from Total Crew of Ill-Fated St. Ives Steamer.

Following, with dramatic swiftness, the news that eighteen of the ill-fated Trevesa's crew were safe, it was announced yesterday that sixteen more survivors had reached land.

They arrived at Souillac, South Mauritius, after travelling 2,100 miles in the second lifeboat, which had been lost for twenty-five days. It is now believed that, of the total crew, eight are missing. Two have died and thirty-four are alive. Souillac is 320 miles from Rodriguez, where Captain Foster and eighteen men in the first lifeboat landed. The hardships of the second party must have been as severe as those of their comrades.

Guided only by the sun and stars—compasses were useless—the second boat has performed a wonderful feat of navigation which adds a new chapter to one of the most thrilling sea dramas of modern times.

BOAT LANDS 2,100 MILES FROM SCENE OF WRECK.

All Except Two Men Making Good Recovery.

GREAT SEAMANSHIP FEAT.

To the thrilling sea story of the sunken steamer Trevesa another dramatic chapter was added yesterday by receipt of the news that the second lifeboat had reached land.

The Hain Steamship Company received a cable from Mauritius stating that the boat has arrived at Souillac, South Mauritius, with sixteen men, whose names are:—

Smith.	Goddard.
Hall.	Edwards.
Sumner.	Burke.
Bainbridge.	Sturt.
Stainton.	Brinks.
Wilson.	Woolley.
Sheighian.	Taborn.
Bell.	Alchunn.

All are making progress, except the two last named. They are in a very weak condition.

Exactly how many men were on board the Trevesa when she foundered is not definitely known, but the total is believed to be forty-four officers and crew.

If that is so, eight are missing, as two native firemen died in the first boat, in which eighteen were saved, and to these have to be added the sixteen now known to be safe at Souillac.

LOST SINCE JUNE 4.

Mauritius is 2,200 miles from where the Trevesa sank and Souillac is 320 miles east of Rodriguez, where the first boat landed.

It was on June 4 that the Trevesa was wrecked. On June 9—after four days on the Indian Ocean—the two lifeboats separated.

Before they did so Captain Foster decided, as his boat was the faster, to make for Mauritius and send assistants back to the second, in charge of the chief officer, Mr. J. C. Stewart Smith, whose home is at Leith.

The second boat arranged to keep the same course, so far as possible—steering by sun and stars, compasses being useless—and immediately Captain Foster arrived at Rodriguez on Tuesday vessels, including H.M.S. Colombo, went out to search for the second boat.

Whether one of them found it or whether it reached Mauritius under its own sail is as yet unknown.

TWENTY-FIVE DAYS ADRIFT.

Certain it is that the sixteen men must have endured hardships quite as severe as those who were with Captain Foster.

The second boat was adrift for twenty-five days and covered at least 2,100 miles after leaving the spot where the Trevesa sank.

The cook of the Trevesa, Stanley Alchunn, who was in the second boat, has had a sea career dogged by ill-luck.

During the war his vessel was three times torpedoed, he had a piece shot from his nose during a fight with a submarine, and once he was marooned on a desert island.

Alchunn left the Trevain, one of the vessels that went to the rescue, in order to join the Trevesa.

Congratulations.—The Imperial Merchant Service Guild have sent a cablegram of congratulations to Captain Foster, who is a member of the society.

BISHOPS TO SEE A PLAY.

Six Bishops will be present at the Guildhouse, Eccleston-square, on July 7, for the performance of the religious play, "Annus Domini," which is being produced in connection with the Anglo-Catholic Congress.

The author of the play is the Rev. H. Kingsford, of St. John's, Tooting-street.

SUPER-WIRELESS STATION SECRET REVEALED.

Great Land Purchase for End of Empire Chain.

800FT. MASTS FOR AERIALS.

The Daily Mirror is able to announce that the Government has just concluded the purchase of between 800 and 900 acres of agricultural land at Hillmorton, about two miles outside Rugby, for the purpose of erecting a super-wireless station that is to be the British end of the imperial wireless chain.

The negotiations, which were begun last autumn, have been conducted with great secrecy, and official reticence on the subject is still being maintained.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, estate agents, of London and Rugby, have been engaged, and the purchase of the land has been completed. The purchase of the land, and are under a pledge of secrecy to the Office of Works.

At the G.P.O. the officials were uncommunicative until informed that secrecy was no longer possible, as the farmers, whose land had been purchased, were advertising stock sales and openly congratulating themselves on the price they had obtained from the Government.

An official of the Wireless Department then admitted that the information of *The Daily Mirror* was correct.

"Part of the negotiations have yet to be completed," he said, "and it is therefore impossible to make a full statement. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the land has been acquired for a Government wireless station."

800FT. MASTS.

"As Mr. Bonar Law announced in the House of Commons last March, the Government, though not interfering with private enterprise in wireless communication throughout the Empire, has decided to erect high-power stations of its own in connection with the Imperial Chain. This is to be the station."

The Daily Mirror understands that the Government will obtain possession of the land in about five weeks' time, when tree-felling and constructional work will be started immediately. A number of 800-feet masts are to be erected for the aerials.

Asked for details of the equipment of the station, the G.P.O. Wireless Department officials declined to say more than that it would be on a very ambitious scale. It will more than live up to the best traditions of the G.P.O., he added.

Hunting folk in the neighbourhood are not altogether pleased with the Government's choice of a site, as it will withdraw from sporting use some of the best North Warwickshire country, including the famous Hillmorton Covert.

BATHER DRIFTS SIX MILES.

Remarkable Escape of Nurse Who Was Carried Out to Sea.

Miss Black, a nurse at Milford-on-Sea (Hants) Cottage Hospital, whilst bathing yesterday morning, was carried out to sea by the current.

She realised the impossibility of getting back to the mainland shore, and allowed herself to be taken along by the current, which, after two hours, carried her to within swimming distance of the Isle of Wight shore at the entrance to the Needles Channel.

She reached the shore, and was provided with refreshments and clothing by the soldiers and sent back to the mainland on a tug, none the worse for her remarkable experience. She had drifted six miles.



Sir John Smith, one of the oldest and most distinguished members of the Indian Medical Service, whose death has just been announced.



Major Lionel de Rothschild, M.P. for the Aylesbury Division for the past thirteen and a half years, has decided not to contest the seat again.

LADY ASTOR SHAKES HER FISTS AT AN OPPONENT.

Friendly "Dig in the Ribs" for Sir Frederick Banbury.

AMUSING COMMONS INCIDENT.

Lady Astor left her seat in the Commons yesterday, and, walking up to Sir Frederick Banbury, shook both fists at him, says the Central News.

Sir Frederick had persisted in trying to move an amendment to Lady Astor's Intoxicating Liquor Bill which prohibits the sale of intoxicants to persons under 18, while Lady Astor was attempting to move the closure.

Sir Frederick Banbury remained standing, and smilingly remarked that if the noble lady would accept his amendment he would sit down.

"Sit down; I won't accept your amendment," snapped Lady Astor. She made another attempt to secure the closure.

"Sit down," shouted a member. "Turn her out," added another.

The Speaker then intervened, and the debate was adjourned.

Lady Astor immediately left her seat and sallied up the gangway to where Sir F. Banbury was sitting. After shaking her fists at him, she made the House roar with laughter by giving Sir Frederick a friendly dig in the ribs.

REPLY FROM FRANCE SOON.

Early Negotiations Regarding British Questionnaire Expected.

PARIS, Friday.

Following the reconstitution of the Theunis Cabinet, exchanges of view will immediately take place (it is semi-officially stated) between Paris and Brussels with a view to reaching an agreement regarding the reply to the British questionnaire.

The French Ambassador in London will probably be in a position to communicate this reply to the Foreign Office shortly.—Reuter.

A Berlin exchange telegram says that in a speech at Barmen Dr. Cuno, speaking of the Pope's letter, declared that the Reich will be grateful to him for having put forward this statement.

GAOL FOR "DR. MAHOMED."

Hastings Fortune-Teller with Long Record of Convictions.

At the Hastings Quarter Sessions yesterday Dr. Mahomed, alias Hubert Castello, described as a phenologist, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour as an incorrigible rogue.

Detective Page gave prisoner's history and said he was a native of Jamaica, and was first convicted in 1902, when he was sent to nine months' hard labour for stealing a watch.

From 1910 onwards he was convicted many times in various parts of the country for fortune-telling by palmistry. His relations with white women had been very bad.

AMERICA SURPRISED.

Rejection of 12-Mile Limit Gives Them a Shock—Beer Not 'Medicine.'

NEW YORK, Friday.

Lord Curzon's rejection of the twelve-mile limit proposal apparently has countered effectively the State Department's effort to clear away at one stroke the ship liquor controversy and rum smuggling.

The immediate result of his statement was to revive speculation as to whether Congress at its next session will revise the law making it less offensive to foreign Governments.

The positive language of Lord Curzon has created considerable surprise since there has been no previous indication that any foreign Power is ready to adopt such an attitude on Mr. Hughes' proposal.—Reuter.

Instructions have been sent to health officers at the ports, says the Central News, that beer brought in by foreign shipping shall not be regarded as medicine.

TWO U.S.A. CHAMPIONS

MEET AT WIMBLEDON. Man Staggers on Court with Richards' Rackets.

JOHNSTON'S NET WORK.

The King and Queen and Princess Mary Watch Match.

By SUZANNE LENGLEN.

There was a real Wimbledon crowd and real Wimbledon weather when the King, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Mary, arrived to watch the match between Vincent Richards and W. M. Johnston on the centre court.

It promised to be one of the most interesting encounters of the meeting, and there is no doubt that it was.

The approach of the two Americans—Johnston, a former champion of the United States, and Richards, a very youthful and brilliant player—was heralded by the appearance of a man almost staggering on to the court beneath a load of rackets.

This impressive armoury seemed to promise well for the stirring fight that was about to be waged.

Richards, who took the first service, offered a most excellent game. Tremendous applause greeted his making the first point by passing Johnston delightfully. His opponent, however, quickly equalised, and went on to lead 4-2, ultimately taking the set at 6-4.

A feature of the match was the extraordinary bright work at the net, where Johnston was usually superior to Richards. That is to say, however, that the younger player did not frequently pass his great antagonist in the nearest possible way.

JOHNSTON'S AGILITY.

Even at a comparatively early stage the stands were alive with enthusiasm.

Johnston is wonderfully agile. I saw him crouching and leaping to the ball and then driving it to the corners alternately, keeping Richards constantly on the move.

Richards came pluckily to the net, while Johnston bombarded him from the baseline, and the old player took the lead to 4-3.

When Johnston had won the next game, Richards started to attempt a harder service.

At this point two or three wrong decisions were given by a linesman, and when Richards was given the next game he refused to move from his court until Johnston came over and took his position.

It was a silent protest, and very shortly afterwards the linesman was exchanged for another man—a most unusual incident at Wimbledon.

The first set went to Johnston 6-4.

MARVEL OF SPEED.

The second set opened with Johnston passing deep back-hand cross-volleys to Richards' corner. Animated exchanges at the net ended in Richards adding the sixth game to his score, after Johnston had scored 4.

It was interesting at this point to detect in Richards some ability to "come back" after the time he had had at the hands of his opponent.

Both were playing with undiminished strength and confidence. One could only marvel at the speed and perfect placing of the drives.

I heard spectators exclaiming: "What wonderful shots!" Johnston placed frequently at Richards' feet, and nearly always won by so doing. The second set went to Johnston 5-3, and Johnston, by his irresistible play, he won the third set 7-5.

Johnston beat Richards 6-4, 6-3, 7-5.

BIG FRENCH AIR FORCE.

Question in Commons on Monday Regarding Six-Fold Increase.

Captain Arthur Evans will ask the Secretary for Air in the House on Monday if he is aware that on Thursday the French Chamber of Deputies raised the French air estimates from 36,120,000 to 211,920,000 francs, which will mean an increase in the French Air Force to six times its present size.

He asked whether, in view of this, he considers the proposed increase in the British Air Force to be of sufficient strength.

JUNE RELENTS.

A Touch of Real Summer to Escape Record for Dull Days.

June has repented at the eleventh hour. After the dull and depressing days of the past weeks, yesterday brought a touch of real summer.

The temperature readings in London were:—

1 p.m. 71. Shade. Sun. 73. 109

3 p.m. 71. 73. 109

Up to the previous day only 100 hours of June sunshine had been registered, about half the average and five hours less than June, 1905, which still holds the record for dullness.

GORRINGES

Summer Sale

BEGINS MONDAY NEXT, JULY 2

Post Orders should be accompanied by remittance, or leading business house reference.

Carriage paid on all Drapery goods in the United Kingdom.



G 200
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GLOVE BARGAIN

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LADIES' MIRROR

LEMON LINENS AND SCARLET SHOES.

I'VE reached that state when I'm tired of gazing at sumptuous clothes—tired of velvet opera wraps lined with glistening tissue, tired of georgette gowns banded with fur and covered in head and silk embroidery, tired of model hats, all fuss and feathers, and yearn for cool, crisp "tub frocks" and plain rush hats. And so I paid a visit recently to a smart little modiste who specialises in beach frocks and who understands as no one else the art of chic simplicity.

RUBBER SUITS.

Here I saw enchanting linens, warranted uncrushable, trimmed with narrow white tape in zigzag design, so cool and simple and washable, and wide linen hats to go with them. Rubber bathing suits you'd hate to discard because of their gay colourings with detachable capes and a special pocket complete with a rubber hold-all vanity case. Little lemon voiles for dancing in the bungalow on hot summer evenings, sleeveless like a pinafore, covered with ruffled inch-wide frills and worn over a cool orange-coloured taffeta slip.

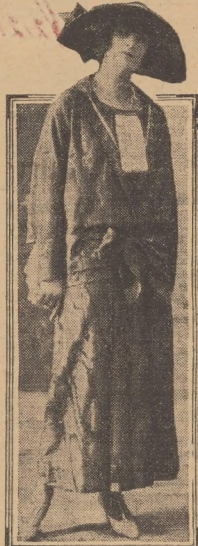
COLOURED SHOES.

With these were shown gay little shoes of scarlet kid, or others composed of strappings of coloured leather, for our seaside clothes are going to be very colourful.

ALPACA AND SACKING.

There are holiday frocks, too, of banana and strawberry-coloured alpaca, which is a very

smart material to choose, and as different from that our grandmothers wore as gooseberries from cherries. There are beach frocks, too, of canvas and sacking all fringed round the edges like the Honolulu ladies are supposed to wear, and others fashioned from two red and white spotted workmen's handkerchiefs, the only difference being that these are of cool washing silk.



Here you see a trim little holiday suit of alpaca with a very attractive sash effect.

HATS WITH ATMOSPHERE.

Hats for holiday wear are of the rush variety bound in kinequips, wild grasses or prettily coloured seaweed, and the sight of them alone makes you think of shrimps for tea!

WEARING THE SCARF.

The newest way of wearing your coloured scarf is not to tie it on one shoulder, or in front cowboy fashion, but twist it choker-wise round the throat. It takes an awful lot of wearing this way, but it's smart.

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Those of us who are not spending the evening in some moonlit cove listening to the seagulls' songs and delicious squelchy sound of water receding over wet stones, will go to the Air League Ball at the Albert Hall on July 17. One of the attractions is to be a fleet of limousines each equipped with a wireless listening-in receiver. So if your partner dances well but sits out better, you'll be able to take a run in the park in one of these cars and listen-in between the dances.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1923.

PUBLIC HEALTH.

MODERN SCIENCE AND THE WAR AGAINST DISEASE.

THE Minister of Health has made a well-reasoned speech about the state of public health and the development of medical precautions against infectious diseases.

He points to the general decline in the death rate as evidence that modern life is healthier than that of our ancestors.

In this, he corrects an impression common amongst dreamers who would like to have been born in a quieter and less heavily taxed time.

These brood lovingly over some robust novel of the past or book of genial memoirs, exhibiting the favoured lives of the happy few.

They do not consider the plight of the anonymous masses who toiled under insufferable conditions, only consoled by the admonitions of such cautionary dames as Hannah More, who assured them that Providence had willed it so, and that it was the duty of the "good poor" to perish in fever-stricken cellars.

Science has nearly eliminated several of the eighteenth century diseases which haunted eighteenth-century tranquillity.

"Fever and ague," typhus and the ever-prevalent smallpox are rare, because a greater sense of civic responsibility enforces precaution.

But medical science cannot do everything. That same sense of common duty must help. And it is evident that many people would like, even in these days, to avoid the bother of notification, isolation and the rest. That is because a growing immunity, due to the prolonged effort of generations, has diminished the sense of danger.

Yet we must never consider ourselves safe.

The influenza plague that followed the war showed how disastrous such visitations may be when they descend upon crowded modern communities. More than ever it is necessary to assist science in its effort to rid us of disease. We can assist it by obeying all wisely-considered regulations. That is for the public.

Governments and "authorities," meanwhile, can do their part by remembering that the health and happiness of our people at home are more important than the expensive charity which spends in Palestine or in "Mesopotamia" the money that might help to fight the war against disease at our doors.

THE PAGEANT'S RETURN.

WE thought that Historical Pageants had been dealt a death-blow by the war, which put a barrier between two epochs, and made the amusements of 1913 seem obsolete.

We were wrong. Harrow has led the way. Evidently there is to be a revival of Pageantry.

So much the better, for it's a harmless taste, so long as it is supported by "voluntary contributions" and not used for narrow propagandist purposes.

The danger is only that persons with "views" to enforce, and parties seeking to advertise "aims," should come to see, in these harmlessly inaccurate processions, a chance of arguing by attitudes and convincing us by costumes.

Think of it! Imagine a Pussyfoot Pageant exhibiting, through the ages, the horrors of drink, the bad history of beer—right back to Falstaff and his "sack." The Licensed Victuallers would retaliate with a Bacchic Demonstration, beginning with Dionysus and descending, via the Eighteenth Century, Pitt, and port, to John Bull refusing to be a "dry" slave.

Let us avoid these excesses. For we have enough argument, in print and in speech, every day, without needing to bring in Pageants for political or moral purposes.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Palestine and the Taxpayer—Women Who Will Not Grow Old—Lorgnettes and Crinolines—Sunday Games.

CRINOLINES.

MAY not the new craze for crinolines be prompted by the various plays of the "Milestones" type that show charming young actresses looking delightful in these old-fashioned garments?

All the young ladies in the audience at once see themselves like that!

They forget that modern life is not suited to this sort of thing.

A PLAYGOER.

AND LORGNETTES!

WITH the discussion of the revival of the crinoline comes the news that lorgnettes are to be the fashion amongst young women.

I think that such a fashion is even more absurd than crinolines.

Surely it is quite bad enough to see middle-aged ladies using lorgnettes. Most people dislike

MODERN GRANDMOTHERS.

AS an old woman—alas!—I regret very much that other old women do not know how to be old!

To me nothing is more ludicrous than the attempt to look younger than one is; and to "keep up appearances" by going in for amusements—such as dancing—which only suit the young.

G. M.

Hans Mansions, S.W. 3.

SUNDAY GAMES.

MAY I, as a country dweller, support the views of your numerous correspondents in favour of the continuance of Sunday games?

The country is always more or less interested and guided by the decisions of "the town." There more so than perhaps in town, Sunday is the real and only day of rest, and a little sport

LOAFING OR HEALTHY RECREATION?



The sort of killjoy here depicted wants to stop reasonable recreation on Sunday. He prefers to encourage lounging about for the modern city youth.

these formidable glasses, and are never so uncomfortable as when being gazed at through them.

M. D. L. R.

OUR ZIONISTS.

THE average man is utterly unable to understand the craze for making a "national home" for the Jews.

I am no enemy to the Jews. I have many friends amongst them. But hitherto I have not met one of them who wants any other "national" home than the nation in which he happens to reside.

H. T. L.

Gray's Inn-road, W.C.

JEW VERSUS ARAB.

WHY do we endeavour (as we are doing) to pit Jew against Arab in Palestine?

In creating this new artificial State we are simply trying to bolster up one more nationality which will reward us by making wars and other trouble. One of the worst mistakes into which we have all fallen since the war is this mania for creating new belligerent little nations.

Broadway, E.C.

LOVER OF PEACE.

PEOPLE IN PAGEANTS.

LET people look silly in Pageants if they want to!

These functions stimulate civic pride and do a great deal of good. So long as the average citizen is pleased with them, what does it matter whether they come up to the standard of the professional costumier or not?

Campden-road,

AN ACTOR.

is the only "change" from a monotonous existence.

F.S.W.

Southminster, Essex.

"JUDGE NOT."

TRUE Christians are rare, and the maxim "Judge not" is consequently rarely applied. The Puritans in England have always been the most given to this anti-Christian habit of condemning others.

WILLIAM E. SYDNEY.

Bury-street, S.W.

SAVE OR SPEND?

IT may sometimes seem "miserly" to save hard.

But when old age comes the "miser" has his reward.

He is not dependent on the charity of others and therefore those others ought to be grateful to him for his self-denial.

Richmond, Surrey.

ONE WHO SAVES.

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 29.—The nasturtiums are some of the most popular of annuals, and their gay flowers will soon be decking the garden.

Speciosum (the flame-flowered nasturtium) is a brilliant climber, and is often seen covering houses in Scotland. The roots must be planted in cool, moist soil, on the shady side of a wall or hedge; the shoots will then ramble into the sunshine, and, smothered with vermillion-scarlet blooms, form a splendid picture.

E. F. T.

UGHT WE TO EAT IN SILENCE?

A MEDICAL DEATH-BLOW TO DINNER-TABLE TALK.

By JANET HUNT.

A WRITER in the *British Medical Journal* has recently told us that we all ought to eat in silence and alone, stuffing our mouths so full that conversation, polite or otherwise, is a physical impossibility.

Only in this way, he assures us, can we get safely through the trivial round, the common task of "mastication, salivation, deglutition," and so forth, and secure ourselves against dental decay, indigestion, and all the innumerable maladies which follow in their train.

This is sad news.

It has, perhaps, its lighter side in the opening which it offers to the caricaturist; but it strikes at the root of our well-established habits, and threatens—or, at all events, seems, at the first blush, to threaten—to put an end to sociability.

Now, though it is important to live healthily, it is hardly less important to live sociably; and it is very painful to most of us to be told that the two ideals are mutually exclusive.

Perhaps, however, they are not. Perhaps, if we put on our considering caps, we can find a compromise. Perhaps that compromise, when found, will enable us to live, not only more healthily, but also more sociably than ever.

It may be necessary for us to sacrifice the dinner party; but what of that?

OVER THE WINE.

Mastication, after all, is no more an aid to conversation than conversation is an aid to mastication.

Its tendency is, rather, to distract our attention from anecdotes and epigrams; and the real feast of reason rarely begins at a dinner party until after the table has been cleared, the cigarettes have been lighted, and the port—"the vegetable," as a vegetarian once called it, "in its sublimest form"—is circulating and making glad the heart of man.

In that fact surely lies the key to the solution of our dietetic problem.

Let us treat the necessary task of eating, not as a part of our social diversions, but as a preliminary to them.

Let us get it over separately and privately, at our convenience, just as we wash our hands, and brush our hair, and put on our white ties; and let us then, like the children, "come in to dessert," and sit down to sip our wine, undisturbed by the sensation of hunger, but with minds attuned to listen to oratory, or to tell our own best stories as the case may be.

In that way the serene pleasures of conviviality may be completely divorced from the dull routine or arduous business of eating, and conversation, being consecutive instead of jerky, may attain a higher level.

Probably our medical authority would not declare it inconsistent with his hygienic principles to shed the sunlight of his presence on a social gathering of that kind; while such reunions might be much more numerous than dinner parties for the simple reason that they would cost less and would need neither a chef nor a large staff of servants to make them successful.

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BENGER'S Food

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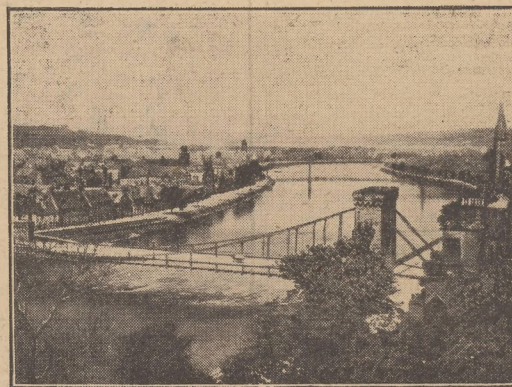
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ADDITIONAL
AND
ACCELERATED
TRAINS
FROM 9th JULY



Dr. Childon, headmaster of the City of London School, has been appointed to the Prebendary stall in St. Paul's.



Miss Vera Hurst, the original Mrs. Vixen in "The Boatswain's Girl," has returned from America to resume her part.

THE AIR PAGEANT.

Princess Mary at Wimbledon—In Place of Crinolines—What People Eat.

THE KING AND QUEEN, the Duke and Duchess of York, and British and foreign delegates to the International Air Congress will attend the aerial pageant at Hendon to-day. Wonderful new aircraft, designed during the past year or so, will be flown in public for the first time. The "grand parade" of new 'planes will be exceptionally significant in view of the large augmentation of the Air Force.

Aircraft Novelties.

The most interesting of the modern "buses" are those designed for co-operative duties with the Navy. Two of the new ships' fighting 'planes are designed to ascend from and alight on the decks of aircraft carriers as well as from an ordinary aerodrome. Of the new land planes the one that will interest most people is the troop carrier, which can accommodate twenty-five fully-equipped soldiers, plus a crew of two.

The Honours List.

The political honours awarded to mark the King's Birthday are published to-day. It will be noticed that neither of the two peerages is bestowed upon a member of Parliament, and prophets who had anticipated the announcement of a barony or viscounty for one of the members for the City of London, in order to provide a seat for Mr. McKenna, will be for the moment at least disappointed.

A Lascelles Baby.

The Hon. Mrs. Alan Lascelles, who has had a little girl—her second child—was Miss Joan Thesiger, the eldest of the four jolly daughters of Viscount Chelmsford. She married Alan Lascelles, a cousin of Viscount Lascelles, while her father was Viceroy of India in 1920.

At the Wheel.

Miss Megan Lloyd George must be one of the most capable women drivers of motor-cars in London now. I saw her steering through a big crush yesterday in her two-seater. She was unattended and I think, by the look of her hat, she was on her way to a party.

Aristocratic Film Actress.

Countess Agnes Esterhazy, who has run away from home to become a film star, will probably be the most aristocratic star in even that bright constellation. One member of her family was once Austrian Ambassador at the Court of Saint James. Another was offered the throne of Hungary by Napoleon when he subdued the dual monarchy in 1809.

Contemporary Art.

The exhibition by the Contemporary Art Society, which opens to-day at Grosvenor House, is a fine collection of modern pictorial art, and some of the pictures, notably Augustus John's "Smiling Lady," do not suffer in comparison with the grave old masters belonging to the Duke of Westminster, a few of which have been left on the walls. The society was formed in 1910 and exists for the purpose of purchasing modern pictures for loan or presentation to public galleries.



Mr. Marsh.

A Good Critic.

The exhibition owes a good deal of its success to the efforts of Mr. Eddie Marsh, who, as I said the other day, is this year buyer to the Society. Mr. Marsh has sound and progressive judgment in art, and has edited anthologies of the modern or Georgian poets with taste and discrimination. I hope he will one day write a life of his friend, Mr. Churchill, to whom he is a kind of Boswell.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Victorian Dresses.

The crinoline and bustle discussion lent an added interest to the many women in Victorian dress at Miss Flora Lion's reception at the Alpine Galleries. Mrs. W. L. George wore a real Victorian frock of black velvet and one long ringlet falling over her shoulder. Mrs. Lewis Baumer, whose portrait in her grandmother's crinoline frock is one of the best pictures in Miss Lion's show, wore another black Victorian frock and there were half a dozen others. The men looked quite out of the picture.

The Next Fashion.

Meeting Mrs. John Russell at Ranelagh, I asked her what she thought of the attempt to revive the crinoline. She laughed at the idea and said that it was the one fashion that certainly would not come back. A few young girls have been wearing "bunchy" taffeta dresses for dancing, but that is all. She thinks the new dresses will be straighter, with less drapery, and no marked change in line. Black is also coming back.

New Umbrella.

Mrs. Russell showed me a new kind of umbrella, for which she predicts a vogue. It has a rigid bracelet handle which is interchangeable, and enables the owner to have different handles to match her costumes. Handles are made in all colours, and the ferrules are of coloured wood. It is the invention of a girl, who thought of the idea at The Daily Mirror Fashion Fair.

Famous Dancing Couple.

I hear that the famous dancers, Marjorie Moss and Georges Pontana, who have been described as the greatest dancing pair since the Vernon Castles, are coming to London. They are to appear at the "Midnight Follies," and give an exhibition of the dances which have been the rage of the Riviera and Paris, where they have been appearing at the Acacias Club. Miss Moss is bringing some wonderful frocks with her, but no crinolines.



Miss Marjorie Moss.

French comedian from the Comedie Francaise, dining after the theatre, there was not a single dinner jacket to be seen. Another interesting visitor was Mr. Gemmell, the well-known horse breeder, who sold two hackneys to America at the Horse Show and got £2,000 for them.

Stage Morals.

Wee Georgie Wood will doubtless find that he has stirred a hornets' nest by his tirade on stage morals. Mr. George Moore did so, long ago, when he published a similar indictment in the defunct review, *Cosmopolis*; and so did Sir Frank Burnand when he said that he would sooner see a daughter of his dead and in her grave than acting in a London theatre. But surely times and things have changed since then.

Shakespeare and Sunshine.

The sudden flood of summer sunshine has given its due touch of glory to Shakespeare's country, and just now his birthplace at Stratford is being much visited. Americans are beginning to come again in pre-war numbers, and Indian students also.

The Cinema Meanwhile.

There is, I am told, a sardonic grin to be detected on the face of Falstaff as he sits outside the Memorial Theatre, knowing that people are booking seats for the cinema behind his back. But this is only a fill-up, and in a few weeks there is to be a summer season of the plays again.

Actress as Authoress.

The news that Miss Lena Ashwell is about to publish a volume on "The Women of Shakespeare" will be of interest to all Shakespearean students. Hitherto, of course, the standard work on the subject has been Anna Jameson's "Characteristics of Shakespeare's Heroines."

Princess Mary's Spectacles.

Princess Mary accompanied the King and Queen when they visited Wimbledon yesterday, and I noticed that she was wearing a pair of dark spectacles. And as the sunshine was really bright for the first time this season they seemed to be very good things to wear. In the seat next to the King sat Princess Victoria, who, like Princess Mary and the Queen, was dressed in black. A later comer was the Crown Prince of Sweden, whose two sons had arrived earlier. They all showed keen interest in the Johnston match.

Distinguished Visitors.

Lord Lonsdale, looking very fit and bronzed, but without his customary cigar, also sat in the Committee stand. Near the Queen was Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, who brought his wife. They stayed some time after the departure of the Royal party, and saw something of the match between Gordon Lowe and Randolph Lycett.

Wimbledon's Way.

I have seen it stated in sundry places that when the King arrived at Wimbledon the spectators "cheered with enthusiasm." The word "cheered," however, is not correct. Cheers are not given at Wimbledon, but the crowds in the stands rise and clap warmly before the Royal visitors are seated.

Peor Scout.

Lord Glentanar is an enthusiastic supporter of the boy scout movement, and recently he spent a week in a scouts' camp, sharing with the boys in every way. This young Scots peer, whose large fortune comes from the Paisley cotton thread industry, is perhaps the most eligible bachelor in society. On Wednesday next his mother, Lady Glentanar, is a dance hostess at 11, Hill-street.

Viceroyal Lodge To-day.

There are daily house parties at the Viceroyal Lodge, I am told. Mr. "Tim" Healy is honouring old traditions on a small scale.



Miss Poppy Baring, elder daughter of Sir Godfrey Baring, the banker, and Lady Baring.



Hon. Hester Astley, daughter of the late Lord Hastings, engaged to Mr. A. Brodric.

Hotel Food Problem.

The person responsible for the catering arrangements of a big West End hotel has to be prepared for any emergency—particularly at a time like the present, when London is full of foreigners. M. Hector, who has to attend to the menu of a syndicate of hotels, has been telling me a few things he has been asked for during the week. A party of Italian officers wanted dinner consisting of the usual *hors d'oeuvres*, followed by salami (a salt sausage), spaghetti, ravioli, and "fritto misto"—a popular Italian mixed grill.

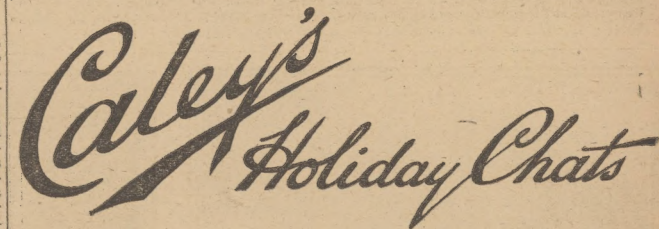
What Americans Eat.

French people invariably demand *hors d'oeuvres* of every description, and have a decided partiality for grilled fish—usually sole—followed by a specially cooked entre-cote or some other meat. As for Americans, they are a law unto themselves for food. Grape fruit, melon and other fruit, followed by bacon and eggs is a breakfast, but, with a steak added, the same things have been asked for as supper.

"Lulu" Harcourt's Daughter.

Viscountess Harcourt's second girl, Olivia, is shortly to be married, and the husband of her choice is the Hon. John Mulholland. The Harcourt girls—there are three—are very pretty and popular and have been seen at most of the important dances this season. The youngest, Barbara, is one of this season's "buds." The future bridegroom is the second son of Lord and Lady Dunleath of Ballywalter Park, Co. Down.

THE RAMBLER.



A Timely Hint.

ONCE again the holiday question is set pleasantly revolving and forms a staple topic of conversation over the table. It is good that it should be so. We do well to speculate on the varied ways and means of spending a holiday. Even though we may be unable to carry out all our plans the pleasure of anticipation will not be without a good effect. The mind, indeed, is never so fresh and healthy as when happily employed.

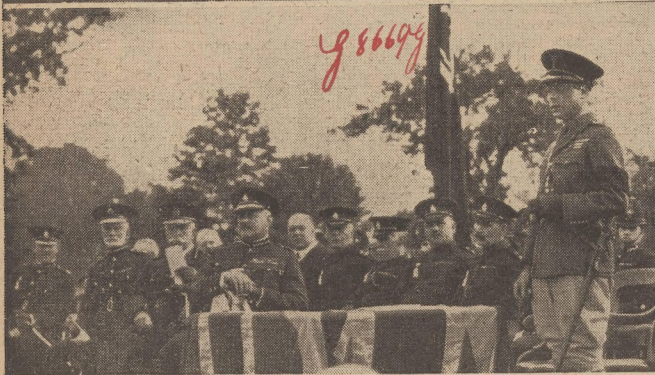
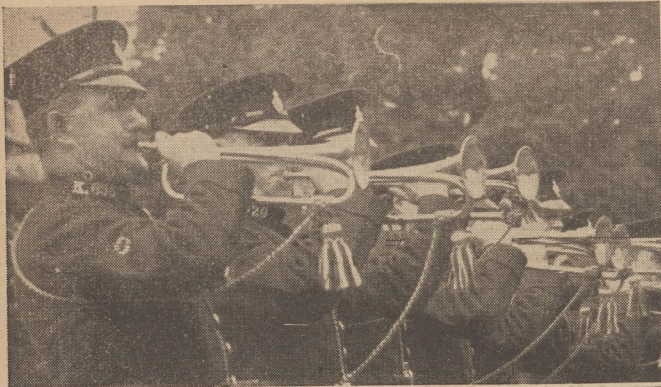
But whatever you finally decide to do, or wherever you make up your mind to go, you will be wise to always carry with you a supply of Caley's Marching Chocolate. It is the most complete and finest combination of a food and sweetmeat obtainable. It answers the purpose of a meal, and unlike most chocolate does not create thirst. In purity it is unsurpassed.

Kiddies Love it, Mothers value it, Fathers keep fit on it. Try it now and then you will be sure to take some with you on your holiday.



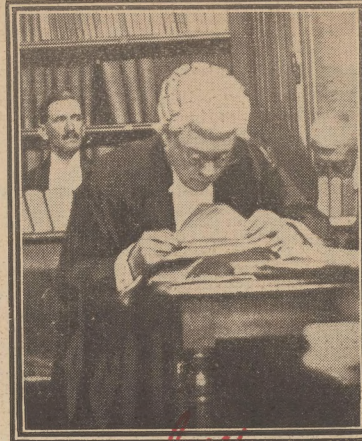
Best wishes for a Happy Holiday

THE PRINCE AND THE POLICE

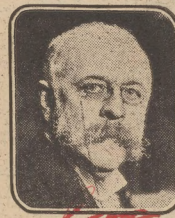


Top, police trumpeters sounding a fanfare at the opening of the hospital erected at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, as the Metropolitan and City Police War Memorial. The ceremony was performed by the Prince of Wales, who is seen in the lower picture delivering his address to the assembly.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

LAW PRECEDENT

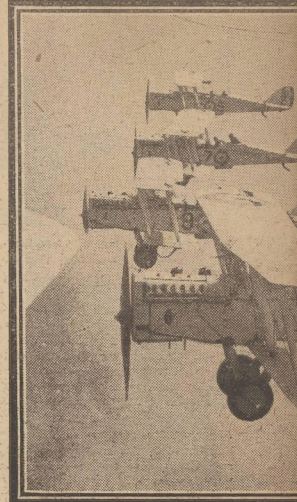


Mr. J. M. Beck, U.S. Solicitor-General, in wig and gown as a junior counsel of the English Bar, appearing for the U.S. Government in an appeal before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.



Sir James Reid Bart., Physician-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria, King Edward and King George, whose death in London is announced.

TO-DAY'S AIR



Illustrating modern mastery of the air.



Men of the R.A.F. dressed to represent Dervishes entering into the arranged, and there will be no



Practical instruction in the handling of ferrets.



Dogs and ferrets at work in the rough.
WAR ON RATS.—Ex-Servicemen trained at Guildford to be expert ratcatchers.



A COMING PREMIERE?—Mme. Lydia Kyasht, the famous dancer, with her little daughter, also Lydia, who has just celebrated her second birthday. Mme. Gence and Mme. Pavlova were present.

ROEHAMPTON GYMKHANA.—Events at the pony gymkhana held at Roehampton yesterday. Top, a near thing in the women's dummy pig-sticking contest; below, the cigarette race, in which the men had to ride home with cigarettes lit by women partners.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Troops entering able of carrying pilots, which is craft to be seen pageant

AIRIAL PAGEANT



A fine photograph of machines in formation.

NEW LIFEBOAT



A new type of motor lifeboat just completed passing under Westminster Bridge on her arrival in the Thames to take part in the regatta at Chelsea to-day. A notable feature is the introduction for the first time of a small cabin forward.

NEW CLUB'S ROYAL DIRECTORS



Prince and Princess Andrew of Russia watching operations on the tennis courts of the new Regent's Park Country Club, which will be under their personal direction. The club is to be opened next month, and is already assured extensive support.



One of the items in the display. A splendid programme has been thrills and skilful manoeuvres.



Mr. C. J. H. Shearn, clerk to the Sergeant-at-Arms, House of Commons, retiring after forty years' service. He has served under five Speakers.



The hayrick fancy dress took a prize.



The jet ball match between fire brigade teams.

BASINGSTOKE REVELS.—At a merry carnival, which gave much entertainment to Basingstoke,



A LONG ROW.—Mr. Betts, boatman to the Dover Rowing Club, who made a night crossing of the Channel in an eighteen-pound folding boat. The passage was made after he had put in a thirteen-hours day's work, and took eight hours.



A FRIEND IN NEED.—Mrs. Hicks, now very busy at Ramsgate in finding suitable quarters for holiday visitors. She has been a great success as billeting officer, and her services are much appreciated.



port machine cap-
e men besides the
e wonderful air-
Royal Air Force
to-day.

THE 'WABRA' SILENT SALESMEN
(Patented.)
WITHOUT PIPE OR CIGARETTE TUBE
SINGLE SAMPLE
ANY SIZE, ALSO
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
For **4/-** Post
FROM
ALL WHOLESALEERS OR
A. W. ABRAHAMSON,
134, Fenchurch Street,
BIRMINGHAM.

THE BEST TOFFEE
ARP'S
R-KREEM
TOFFEE

SECTION "C" for Boys and Girls
age 6 and under.

1st PRIZE £10—G. WILLS, "Corea," Spurge Road, Bournemouth.
2nd PRIZE £5—H. BROWN, The Grange, Madley, Cambridge.
3rd PRIZE £3—W. ELLIS, 88, Gilman, St.

FIFTEEN

R. D. Sims, Casswell Cottage, Clapton, N. Portishead.
K. D. Fisher, Enderby, Parkfield-av, Amersham Comm.
Richards, Millbrook, Angarrack Hayle; G. W. Hayle, The Hill, Kirkby-in-Ashfield; G. Kitching, Main-st., Walsby, Bury; V. E. Reynolds, Wells-rd, Fakenham; R. L. May, 505, High-st., Stratford, E. 15; A. S. Robins, Overton, Harborne-rd, Kenley; R. Taylor, 128, West-st., Walsby; G. W. Hayle, 10, Broad-st., Walsby; S. G. Ross, Christie, 54, London-rd, Ipswich; W. J. W. Ross, 12, Western-rd, Glasgow; B. H. Thorn, 16, Woodville, Lowest Park, N. 22; E. Thomas, 42, Adelaide-rd, W. Ealing; E. P. Nard, 81, Foley-rd, St. Johns, Worcester.

M. Randall, 63, Co
Carboro-rd, Norton, E

[illegible]

ONE HUNDRE
D. Roberts, Olent. H

1891, 1905, East-st, Stillington; S. Harper, 393, St. John's, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 258

State 1s. per word (minimum 8s.); name and address must be sent. Trade advts. 1s. 6d. per word.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS

MONEY. Yvonne Arnaud, Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn.
AMBASSADORS—8.45. **THE LILIES OF THE FIELD**

DRURY LANE—(G.2588-9.) **NED KEAN OF OLD DRURY**
Last Two Performances To-day at 2.15 and 8

GARRICK—(Gerr, 9513.) 8.30 Wed, Sat, 2.30. "Partne

Nightly, at 8.30. Matinees, Wed and Thurs, 2.30.
NEW OXFORD Mon next 8 First Part of "LITTLE"

Nightly, 8.20. Mats, Tues, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.

J. SAVOY—2.30, 8.15. POLLY. Mats, To-day, Mon, Tu, 2.30
PITT CHATHAM. LILIAN DAVIES.

ST. MARTIN'S—Evgs, 8.30. R.U.R. Mat, Fri, Sat, 2.30.
"The talk of the town."—"Morning Post."

WYNDHAM'S—Gerald du Maurier in "THE DANCER"
A New Play 2 30 - 8 15 - Mats Wed and Sat 2 30

COLISEUM.—(Ger. 7540.) 2.30 and 7.45. Marjorie

POLYTECHNIC HALL—The Wonderland of Big Games.

day, world's greatest flying spectacle. Gates open 11 a

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, Olympia, 2 and 30.
 Seats 2s 4d to 22s 6d Tel.: Ham 2101 and May 5

34, 218. Monthly.—Faint: 2, 197 Bishopsgate.

TO Parents and Guardians.—The London-Telegraph

rd, Sheffield.

65. **A**RE you late? Nature's Only Remedy, Thinzu Tablets
plain wrapper P.O. 1s. 3d.—Thinzu Co., 12, Lamb
—, London, E.C. 4.

HOW To Stop Smoking.—Genuine remedy; booklet free

on: I wigs and all kinds of hair-work at less than half us
lton: prices: illustrated catalogue post free.—Dept. C., Midl

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PIP AND SQUEAK

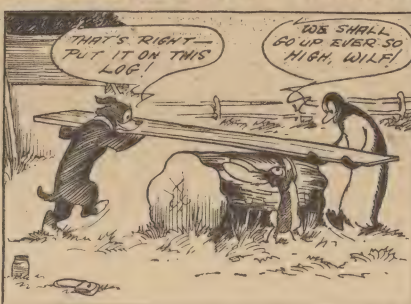
SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

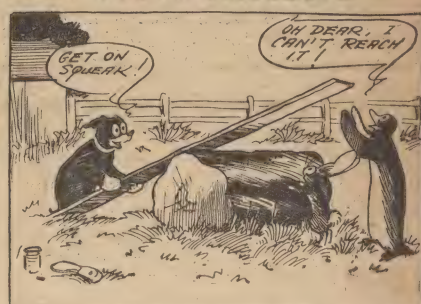
No. 90.—HOW DO YOU GET ON A SEE-SAW? PETS CANNOT SOLVE PROBLEM.



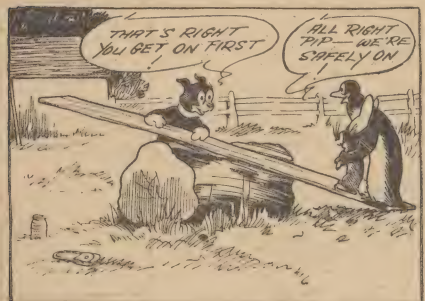
1. Coming across a big plank in a field, Pip suggested they should make a see-saw.



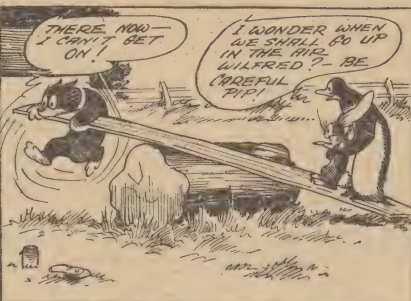
2. "We're going see-sawing, Wilfred!" cried Squeak, as they put the plank on a log.



3. Pip sat on one end of the plank, but of course the other end went high up in the air.



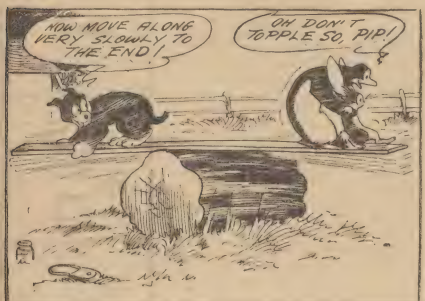
4. So Pip got off and told Squeak and Wilfred to get on first. He then found—



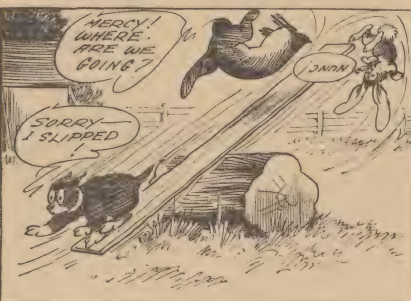
5. —that he couldn't reach his end of the plank! "When shall we start?" cried Squeak.



6. The pets then decided to get on in the middle of the plank and crawl to the ends.



7. All went well for a little while, and they would have had a fine see-saw if Pip—



8. —hadn't suddenly slipped, which shot up Squeak and Wilfred like rockets into the air!



9. It was some time before the penguin was herself again. How do you get on a see-saw?

"I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 20.

Herbert has decided that donkey riding is not quite so easy as it looks.



1.—While Herbert was at the seaside he decided to have a donkey ride.



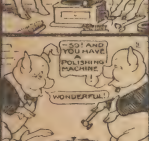
2.—After much difficulty he mounted, but that donkey didn't quite approve of Herbert.



3.—First he galloped and then, when he came to a wall, he stopped suddenly.



4.—Herbert shot right over the wall, arriving just in time for lunch!

A GRAMOPHONE CAN
BE PUT TO

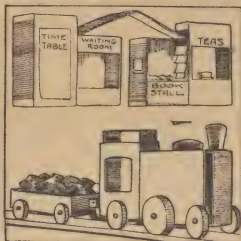
MATCH-BOX STATION

How to Make Your
Own Toy Railway.

HAVE you ever thought what a lot of things can be made from old match-boxes? You can even make your own toy railway, with trains and station complete.

The little sketch below will give you a good idea of how to set about the task. Of course, I expect you will be able to think out even better stations than the one shown here.

You will find a little glue or ordinary stamp paper useful for sticking



the various "compartments" together.

When you come to making the engine you will want an ordinary cork for the funnel, and corks, cut into pieces, will also make the wheels.

If you have a little cardboard you can make a jolly set of signals. I'm certain you'll have great fun with your railway, but—don't let the engine-driver go too fast for fear of accidents!

You will find you can make dozens of other simple toys from match-boxes. It is great fun making a navy, and the "ships" really do float. Just try it for yourselves.



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, June 30, 1923.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Pip, Squeak, Wilfred, Aunt Emma, Angeline and myself want a nice little house in the country near the sea for the summer months. Can any of you lend us such a house or suggest where one can be found? We are not very particular, but there are certain things about the house we should like. Perhaps you would like to hear our ideas?

We want a little house with roses creeping over the front door and peeping in at the bedroom windows. There must be a large garden with a small lake (Squeak's suggestion) and an old barn or two in the grounds inhabited by a few sporting rats (Pip's idea), and tall trees all round with rooks cawing at the tops.

JUST A DREAM HOUSE, ALAS!

Aunt Emma insists on a little summer-house in a shady part of the garden, while Angeline would very much like a tennis court—but we are willing to waive this. As for myself, I shall want very little except that we must have a beehive and a sundial in the garden. There is something very soothing about a beehive, don't you think, on summer afternoons as you lie drowsing in a hammock?

And, of course, we shall want this little house in a part of the country where it is nearly always warm and sunny, and where there is very little noise except the singing of birds and the bleating of sheep. Ah, I am afraid such a wonderful place does not exist . . . it is a dream house we want, and where can you possibly find that?

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

SEARCH FOR S's.

£20 for Clever Boys
and Girls.

IN this seaside picture you will notice several articles which begin with the letter "S." Look very carefully at the picture and see how many you can find.

For the longest and neatest lists written on a postcard I am offering—

First Prize £2 10 0
Second Prize 1 10 0
Third Prize 1 0 0
Forty Prizes of 0 5 0
Forty Prizes of 0 2 6

Send your entry with your name, age and address to Uncle Dick (Seaside).

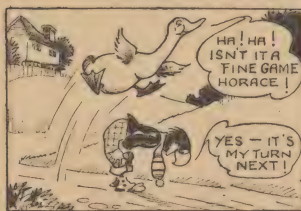


side, "Pip and Squeak," care of The Daily Mirror, 29, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.4.

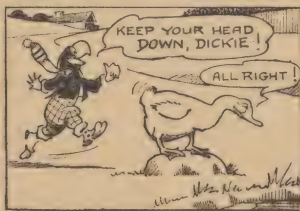
Make a special effort to win a prize this week. The holidays will soon be here, and just think how many toys you could buy with £2 10s! Extra pocket money always comes in useful. Only children under sixteen may enter for this competition, the closing date of which is July 7.

ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:

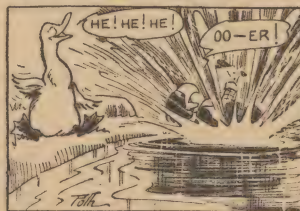
He can't even play at leap-frog without coming to grief.



1. Helpful Horace had a splendid game of leap-frog with Dickie Duck.



2. But when his turn to leap came the silly parrot didn't look where he—



3. —was going, and he landed right in a very muddy pond! How Dickie laughed!

START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY



BY CYNTHIA GORDON.

FOR NEW READERS.

Pamela, Paul and Babs have discovered a secret door, which they are unable to open, in Professor Pigeon's house.

"OPEN, SESAME!"

"WHAT has happened now?" repeated Paul; and Pamela's round eyes grew rounder still as she stared anxiously at Mrs. Wiggs.

"It's little Miss Babs," said the housekeeper, with a worried look. "I'm sure I don't know what I shall do—what with the Professor ill, and—"

"Babs! Why, is anything the matter with Babs?" cried the children, both in a breath.

"I hope not, I hope not, dear. You see, I don't know where she is. She's disappeared." "Disappeared!" they echoed in amazement. "Gone vanished!" She was here this morning—before you went out, Master Paul—and I heard her little feet go pattering upstairs. I thought she went into that room—you know, the room which the Professor doesn't like any one to enter."

"What! The room where the little green door is?" asked Paul eagerly.

"Yes, that's the one. I thought she had gone in there, and at lunch time I happened to peep in to call her down, but—she wasn't there. I can't think where she has got to. It's tea-time, and still she hasn't come back."

Paul and Pamela looked at each other.

"By Jove!" said the boy. "Do you think Babs can have opened the little green door?"

"And is locked inside!" added Pam. "I'm sure she isn't, Master Paul," said the housekeeper. "Why, I don't believe that door opens at all!"

"Oh, yes, it does, Mrs. Wiggs," returned Pamela. "We must ask the Professor how to do it at once. Poor little Babs will be terrified if she is shut up in some horrible secret passage!"

Mrs. Wiggs shook her head. "It's no use asking the Professor. He can't remember a thing."

"Whatever are we to do then?" cried Pam, in despair.

Paul smiled rather proudly. "Don't worry,"



The little green door swung slowly open!

he said. "As a matter of fact, Pam, I can open the door myself."

"You?" said his sister, incredulously.

"Come and see!" said Paul, mysteriously; and he went bounding upstairs, closely followed by Pamela, while Mrs. Wiggs hurried off to attend to the Professor's tea.

Once more the two children entered the mysterious room, and they could hardly contain their excitement as they found themselves before the little door which had always baffled all their attempts at opening it.

"Do you really know the secret?" asked Pamela, dancing about with curiosity. "How

did you find out? Did that awful Morgan tell you?"

Not exactly, but he gave me the hint. Now, you see those twenty-six buttons on the door. Each of those buttons stands for a letter, and Morgan says that if you spell out a certain word, by pressing the buttons in their right order, the door will open."

"Yes, yes," cried Pamela. "But did he tell you the word?"

"He doesn't know it himself. But I know it!" As he spoke Paul very solemnly produced the slip of paper which he had found in the Professor's study. "You see that word 'Noegip'?"

"Noegip! What a funny word!" said Pamela, puckering up her brows. "What does it mean?"

"It is simply 'Pigeon' spelt backwards. And I believe it is the word which will open the little green door!"

Pamela clapped her hands. "How thrilling! It's like Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves! Quick, Paul, let's try it!"

The boy at once knelt down in front of the little door. The buttons were rather curiously placed. Eight of them were in a straight line down the very centre of the door; the others were all round the edges.

Paul thought for a moment; then he decided that the letters ran in the order you see in this diagram.

In a few seconds he had found the button which represented "N," and he pressed it. It sank in, and there was a click.

Trembling with eagerness, the boy pressed the other button, until he had spent out the word "Noegip."

At the click of the last button the two children uttered a shout of triumph and delight, for the little green door swung slowly open!

(Don't miss next Saturday's grand instalment.)

SHRIMPING IS
GREAT FUN IF

YOU HAVE A BIG
ENOUGH NET.

THE LITTLE LADY

By ERIC MAXWELL



HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

IN Carnival-street, London, W. is—or was, for it has passed on—called the flower shop known as Fleurette et Cie. The owner, Mrs. Barbara Crane, the orphan daughter of a lieutenant-colonel who had died during the

The Little Lady.

herself to have been before choosing the way of independence.

Barbara has once met Maurice van Rekken, a wealthy, worldly man, who endeavoured to force his love upon her. The memory of that experience has always sent a shudder through the Little Lady since. One night when Peter is supping with her Maurice van Rekken, who has just returned from abroad, returns unexpectedly. He greets Barbara familiarly, and Peter, assuming he is not wanted, leaves. Later she meets Peter while on a shopping expedition, and he cuts her.

In a basket of flowers received from a flower farm in the South of France, Barbara meets a young Englishman, an Englishman. He is desperately lonely, and after another humiliating scene with Van Rekken he feels driven to run away, hoping thereby to forget some of her painful memories.

She goes out to the farm at Les Cypres and there she is received as the expected companion of Champion's wilful daughter, Aileen. She secures employment under the name of Parker, and falls desperately in love with Champion. Later, when she discovers that Van Rekken is on the spot and making love to Aileen, and she is terrified for the girl's safety. She writes a letter to Peter Cowdray, who arrives just in time to prevent Aileen eloping with Van Rekken.

Barbara tells Champion who she really is, and she asks her to stay on as a guest.

LOVE'S FULFILMENT.

PHILIP drew himself up. "I'm sorry to have troubled you." And he turned to go. Every fibre of Barbara's being was trembling. Her hands felt hot and dry; a haze swam before her eyes. Words choked her throat to her lips, disjointed words which brought him to a halt, and swung him round to face her.

"I came—because I was in love with you, Philip," she cried. "Because as soon as I read that letter my heart went out to you and I knew you were the sort of man I had dreamed of. Is that right? Was I right to tell you? Oh, perhaps you didn't want to hear that, Philip!"

"Philip!" he repeated wonderingly and, looking up to the cold stars. "Philip! Why, my dearest dear, I hoped and hoped that you would say it because I felt so desperately shy that I never could have got it out."

He gathered her to him. She felt herself being crushed to his breast, surrendered herself to his arms, lingered swooningly in the passion of that embrace. In her ears rang a sound like the singing of a thousand birds, something exquisite. She wanted to laugh and cry at the same time and it was tears that came first to her. She couldn't help sobbing from sheer gladness.

"Oh, Philip, you've had the letter all the time—and you've been laughing at it! You knew that I wasn't Barbara Parker, that I was just a soft little girl who fell in love with a man she'd never seen."

He bent down and stifled her sobbing with a kiss. "Little Barbara, that first minute you came into my room with the brown hair askew over your lovely curls, I knew that you were the wonderful person sent from heaven to replace the Lady of the Portrait—and when you spoke of her—as you did speak of her—I was so glad I could do to restrain myself from saying then, a year ago, all the things that I've tried to say to-night."

"I went into her bedroom," said the Little Lady in a muffled voice. "And she asked me to help Aileen and me. She was there, Philip, and she answered my prayer."

"I saw you enter the room, dear, and I knew just what you were doing because no one else in the world could have done that thing in the same humble way."

"You knew all this, Philip," she asked wonderingly, "and never said anything? You felt like that about me and didn't say anything?"

"Because I wasn't sure, my dear. I didn't want to hurt you or shock you. Then, when I found the letter where you had dropped it on the verandah, I knew why you had come, and was too shy to speak to you. Several times I met you, about the house or coming down from the farm, and the desire to take you away and talk to you was so strong in me that it hurt."

"And Vera Lavronov?" she questioned, desperately wanting to know.

"I never really cared for her, Barbara. She was good to me in Paris, and I just had to be nice to her. But when you were here I couldn't even be nice to her. Her white, staring face was bitter to me. Her restlessness jarred. Where you were always quiet and cool, she was intrusive and irritated me to anger. When I said good-bye to her for the last time, I saw you sitting here under the trees and wondered how much you had heard of our quarrel."

"Oh, my dear."

They were recalled to the emptiness of the night by Peter Cowdray's voice:

"Hi, you two mortals! Come in at once or

you'll catch your deaths. Then there'll be a funeral instead of a wedding."

They stared soberly towards the house and went indoors.

"Old Peter, I'm so very, very happy," "Hoora!" cried Peter, helping her off with his coat. "I thought your man would never come up to scratch; he had such wind-up in the dining-room."

A woman who attains to love's fulfilment is like a swallow flying southward with a first cold breath of winter, who sees before him the golden lands which are his journey's end. She is like a ship who, having braved the wide seas between, comes safe to harbour, proudly, with flags flying. For in love there is a great deal of triumph and splendour.

The Little Lady, watching through the hours of the night following upon Philip's declaration of love, felt that triumph thrill in her blood. She belonged to someone at last. That was the greatest thing in life, not to be unattached and face the world alone.

Towards dawn she fell into a half-sleep which was not a forgetfulness, but left her in some way conscious of great and new forces at work within her.

She dreamed that she was a little girl again, at the seaside, digging her brown toes into the sand. There was a boy with ruffled golden hair who showed her a starfish in a pail. The boy had brown eyes and a face as friendly as Philip's, only younger and more full of wonder.

When the sand-cloud vanished, she found herself walking between tall privet hedges. In the corner of a red-brick barn stood rabbit hutches, and by the rabbit hutches a boy in white tennis flannels with a red and black blazer. She held out the fattest rabbit to him. It nibbled her fingers. The boy laughed and said shyly: "I think you're a ripping girl!" He squeezed her hand until she almost cried with the pain. That boy had brown eyes, too.

Somewhere a bell was ringing through the hot summer afternoon. The rabbit and the boy slipped through her fingers—and she found herself lying drowsily in bed, staring at the primrose yellow walls and listening to the farm bell summoning the gardeners to work. "Philip, Philip!" it called with a bump in between as somebody jerked the rope.

She glanced at him rather shyly when they met at the breakfast-table. Perhaps she was a little afraid that he had slipped through her fingers like the two boys in the dream.

But when he took her hand and gently held it in his eyes, where she found that same adoration which last night had set her heart wildly beating.

"I was half afraid that it had all been a dream."

"Me, too," she added, ungrammatically—and then: "Does it mean that there is something wrong with us, that we can't believe in each other's reality?"

He laughed and drew her to him. "Little Barbara," he said, "perhaps it only means that you're a fairy princess, and I was afraid you might have been called back to your own people."

"I suppose you two are engaged," said Peter later, after he had dispatched an enormous breakfast and sent old Blaise back to the kitchen with tidings of a new and fabulous appetite.

"I hadn't thought of that," began Philip doubtfully. "In fact, I never asked Barbara if she would marry me."

"Then for Heaven's sake be quick about it," insisted Peter.

"Well, will you marry me, Barbara, dear, or may I marry you, whichever way you prefer?" She blushed and stared a moment out through the French windows.

"Certainly, Philip, only you'd better marry me, I think. I wouldn't dare to marry you."

"You're a witness, Cowdray," cried Philip. "You heard her say it—and now she can't back out of it."

"You pair of idiots!" cried Peter, cramming tobacco into his pipe.

A WARNING WHISPER.

WHEN they came out into the hall and stood on the steps in blisful contentment of the wide valley prospect they found the whole staff, indoor and outdoor, massed before the door of the emballage.

The appearance of Barbara and Philip in the doorway was the signal for a great shuffling of feet and raising of battered hats.

"What the—?" began Philip.

Jacko raised his pipe in a sweeping gesture and the assembled company, giving up their trousers, took one deep breath and burst into song.

Every range of voice was there, from Jean's resonant bass to the mouse-like squeak of Cleopatra's youngest. They sang to different tunes in widely divergent keys, making up for their lack of technique by the supreme enjoyment of their own performance.

"I thank you all from the bottom of my heart," said Philip, when silence had again fallen, "and I'm sure that our Little Lady thanks you, too." He indicated Barbara Crane, who smiled shyly at the company.

"You must drink to our good fortune," continued Philip. "Jacko will bring you down wine from the house."

With a murmur of "Mille remerciements, m'sieur" and "Graxi tanto, signor," they dispersed, the women to the various activities. Cleopatra to her kitchen, leaving Jacko broadly grinning and Peter Cowdray humming reminiscently:

"For zey are joll goo fellauz."

"How long did it take you to teach them

that?" asked Philip, his arm about Barbara's shoulder.

"At last past five this morning," explained the chauffeur. "I looked into their respective dormitories and found 'em all asleep like innocent babes. So I routed 'em out and told 'em the glad news."

"They weren't very pleased at that sort of treatment," ventured Barbara.

"Not at first," exclaimed Jacko airily. "But when I put it to 'em they 'opped out of bed like Jack-in-the-Boxes and I led a kind of crusade down into the woods. They was quick to learn, I will say that for 'em," he admitted grudgingly.

"Would you like to come down to Les Cypres with me in the van?" asked Philip of Barbara, and added: "You, too, of course, Cowdray."

"No, I'll stay up here with a book," replied Peter. "You'll be a great deal happier without me."

In Les Cypres they went the round of shops and cafés which Philip had visited each day for many years. Barbara marvelled at his popularity, which brought people flocking to their doorways.

She had to be introduced to Mme. Mallet at the Pharmacie, smiling Mme. Mallet who dealt out simple and drastic remedies to the sick and called Philip *mon petit* as if he were a child.

Then there was M. Ariot, with dim spectacles and a pipe carved in the form of a pirate's head, who conducted a minute business in corks and flower-pots.

Finally they were entertained by M. Mercier, moustached proprietor of the Hotel Terminus, who insisted upon their consuming an aniseed

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drink which made the Little Lady cough. The good Mercier had spent several years as cocktail-mixer at a San Francisco hotel.

How fond they are of you, Philip," said the Little Lady almost enviously as they climbed the hill past the barracks.

"And you, too, little Barbara. Mme. Mallet told me very privately that you were the sweetest little rabbit in the world."

"Did she say that?" asked the Little Lady in wonderment.

"She did. And you are the sweetest little rabbit, only I never saw a rabbit with red hair. Do you remember how when you first came to

the villa I talked to you about the temper which Auburn hair carried with it. I hope you haven't got a temper, Barbara."

"I once hit Van Rekken in the face," she confessed.

"Pity you didn't finish him off altogether."

"Let's be just to him and admit that he brought us together."

"My dear," said Philip, "it wouldn't have mattered if Van Rekken had never been born. We should have met—some time."

Her heart sang with the fine weather and the love which she saw reflected in Philip's eyes. It was splendid to sit beside him, to feel him bump against her, straight and strong, as the car swayed at difficult corners. She touched his hand where it gripped the steering wheel.

"I was just thinking how happy I am, almost too happy, and how dreadfully untidy that drive looks!"

"Little Barbara, it's yours to alter, any time you like. The Villa Isadore is just a great nursery, every stick and stone, including the proprietor, is yours to play with, to arrange as you fancy."

"You're treating me as a child, Philip," she said suspiciously. "Don't forget that I'm a business woman and own a flourishing concern in London. And, that reminds me, what am I to do with Fleurette et Cie? Sell it, I suppose."

"Why not keep it on?" he suggested as, arms linked, they wandered towards the clamorous luncheon gong. "Put someone in charge and send stuff over from here—our London branch, y'know."

"Of course," she replied, delighted. "We can leave Alec and his mother to look after the shop. That will be an opportunity for the boy—he's the dearest chap in the world except you. I wonder if Aileen has come round yet."

"Yep," was Jacko's laconic reply when they asked him if Aileen had managed to put in an appearance. "She called to me from the window, and asked if Mr. Cowdray was out of the way. 'E 'appened to 'ave gone for a walk in the woods, so down she came, very 'aughty, and 'ad a swim in the pool. Now she's returned to 'er lair."

"That's encouraging," said Philip. "Now we won't be long!"

During luncheon old Blaise came in with a startled face, and whispered to Philip's ear:

"Excuse me a moment," said the latter, with a changed expression; "but Julio wants to speak to me urgently. Blaise says that he seemed very excited about something."

He left the room, followed closely by the aged butler, bristling with some momentous news.

Another fine instalment on Monday.



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Prospects of the Chief Candidates in To-day's Race.

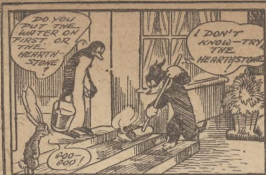
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IN WHICH JEFF RATHER SCORES OFF MUTT, WHO RETALIATES WITH HIS CUSTOMARY ROUGHNESS

Two Pages for the Children: See Pages 11 and 12

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INSPECTION OF THE KING'S BODYGUARD

NEWS PORTRAITS

NOTABLE ENGAGEMENT



The Duke of Connaught (in Field Marshal's uniform and holding sword) stopping to speak to one of the veteran soldiers during his inspection of the King's Bodyguard of Yeomen of the Guard at St. James' Palace yesterday.



Lord Wodehouse, who sustained severe injuries to an eye at the end of a polo match at Hurlingham, in which he was playing for the Freebooters in the semi-final for the Championship Cup.



Patrick Fenahy, one of the eight Irish deportees on trial at the Old Bailey on charges of seditious conspiracy, was discharged yesterday by order of the Judge, as there was no evidence against him.



The Hon. John Mulholland, M.C., youngest son of Lord and Lady Dunleath, and the Hon. Olivia Vernon, second sister of Viscount Harcourt, whose engagement is announced.



Guardsman Kemp, winner of the high jump with 5ft. 4in. has an individual style.

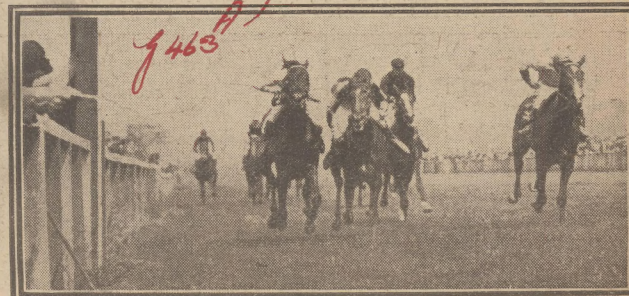


Corporal Coomber, who was second, giving a display.

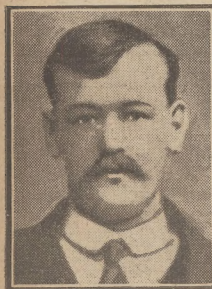
AT SCOTS GUARDS' SPORTS.—Two interesting action photographs taken during the high jump contest at the athletic sports meeting held by the Scots Guards at the Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea. (Daily Mirror photographs.)



Hellespont leading in the Rookery Plate, which he won by a length and a half.



SANDOWN PARK RACING.—The finish of the Hampton Plate at Sandown Park yesterday, won by Gypsy by a head from Ceramic after a keen race. Third place was secured by Fair Castilian. (Daily Mirror photographs.)



E. Stainton, of Liverpool, a fireman.



J. Sherdal, also a fireman aboard the ship.



Albert E. Sumner, boat-swain of the sunken steamer.

MORE TREVESSA SURVIVORS.—Portraits of three more of the crew of the steamer Trevesa understood to be among the sixteen men in the second lifeboat which was yesterday reported to have arrived at Mauritius, after a terrible ordeal in the Indian Ocean following the sinking of their ship.